

# The Musical World.

**SUBSCRIPTION:**—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 35.—No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1857.

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**THE ORCHESTRAL UNION**, with MISS LOUISA VINNING, will appear in Nottingham on the 16th; Sheffield, 17th; Preston, 18th; Bolton, 19th; and Blackburn, 20th of February. Conductor—MR. ALFRED MELLON.

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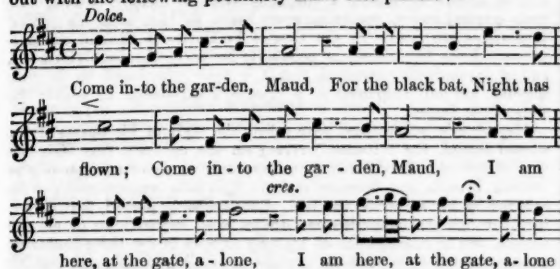
## REVIEWS.

"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD."—Cavatina. The poetry by Alfred Tennyson. Composed expressly for and dedicated to his friend, Sims Reeves, by M. W. Balfe.

The setting of this song is peculiarly Balfian. It is, as it were, redolent of Balfe—

"A music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense."

The setting, we repeat, is redolent of Balfe. The melody sets out with the following peculiarly Balfe-like phrase:—



The opening lines of Tennyson's exquisite lyric—exquisite, although we prefer Shelley's metaphor—

"The *owlet*, night, resumes her reign,"

to the metaphor of Maud's solicitor—

"The black-bat, night, has flown"—

the opening lines, "we say" (as Mr. Thackeray sometimes says) of Tennyson's exquisite lyric could scarcely be expressed in tune more epigrammatic and felicitous. The whole setting, however, carries out the promise of the beginning. Mr. Balfe must indeed have been in what Richard Wagner styles "the melodious coach," when he composed it. It is interesting throughout, and charmingly *vocal* (a quality belonging to all Mr. Balfe's vocal music) in the bargain. We are not a bit surprised at the immense success with which Mr. Sims Reeves has been singing it during his recent tour in the provinces. It is long since we have seen a more effective tenor song.

"THE SECRETS OF THE HAWTHORN."—"SHALL LOVE BE FOR EVER  
THE THEME OF MY SONG."—Ballad. Poetry and music by Charles Mackay.

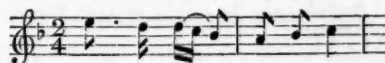
While the words of both of these songs are of that unhacknied character which we have been led to anticipate from a poet so vigorous and thoroughly genial as Mr. Charles Mackay, we like those of the first so much that we shall take the liberty to quote them.

"No one knows what silent secrets  
Quiver from thy tender leaves;  
No one knows what thoughts between us  
Pass in dewy moonlight eves.  
Roving memories and fancies,  
Travellers upon thought's deep sea,  
Haunt the gay time of our May time,  
Oh! thou snow-white Hawthorn-tree.

"Lovely was she, bright as sunlight,  
Pure and kind and good and fair;  
When she laughed the ringing music  
Rippled through the summer air.  
'If you love me shake the blossoms'—  
Thus I said, too bold and free;  
Down they came in showers of beauty,  
Thou beloved Hawthorn-tree!

"Sitting on the grass, the maiden  
Vowed the vow to love me well,  
Vowed the vow, and oh! how truly  
No one but myself can tell.  
Widely spreads the smiling wood-land,  
Elm and Beech are fair to see;  
But thy charms they cannot equal,  
O thou happy Hawthorn-tree!"

It is rarely given to poets professional to write music which, from the fluency and correctness it displays, would augur a professional source. Dr. Mackay, however, seems to combine, with the poetical genius of which he has presented the world with so many striking examples, the knowledge and facility of a practised musician. Both the songs before us are admirably written, the harmony of the accompaniments offering not a single point for critical objection. The melodies, too, are flowing and natural—that of the second song ("Shall Love be for ever the theme of my Song?") being quite as original as it is touching and plaintive. That of the first ("The Secrets of the Hawthorn") can hardly be awarded the same praise, although it is intrinsically good, since it bears too close a resemblance to a well-known composition, with two bars of which at least the following two bars are almost identical:—



*C'est dommage.* Dr. Mackay must have been dreaming of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Gentle Zephyr."

"SOUVENIR DE WREST."—Mazurka de Concert. Wilhelm Ganz.

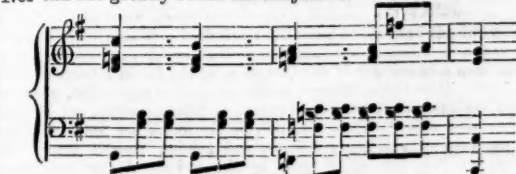
This mazurka (dedicated to the Viscountess Somerton) is brilliant and well written. It has three subjects—all rhythmical and pleasing, if not one of them be very new—and demands a certain degree of fluency at the hands of the executant.

"SOFT WINDS ARE BREATHING."—Song by Mr. Tennant.— Words and Music by George Linley.

A serenade. Mr. Linley has travelled "Far o'er the blue sea," to have a glimpse at his lady-love, and before morning's dawn (it is night—the stars "tremble above") is compelled to go back again. So, if she don't "break slumber's chain" and from her pillow "gently arise," he will have had his long journey for nothing. If Mr. Linley's mistress be a connoisseur in music he will do well to alter one or two of the harmonies of his serenade, or although she may "break slumber's chain," she is likely to rise from her pillow not gently but in anger; and, in that case, the consequences might be disastrous. For example, (if she be a connoisseur) she can hardly be pleased with the following:—



Nor can she greatly relish the subjoined:—



Nor, in spite of its pretensions to "fine harmony," the annexed:—





Nor indeed (if she be a connoisseur) with any part of the serenade, which—as Herr Molique would say—“is not quite beautiful.”

“LIKE LOVE FOR THREE.”—Ballad. Words and music by Sir John Edmund de Beauvoir, Bart.

A pretty, sentimental, and entirely harmless drawing-room ballad, which has the additional merit of being dedicated to Mad. Anichini Scala.

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In three words—a jolly song. In three sentences—the words by Mr. Hodder are racy and English; the music by Mr. Hatton is racy and English; and the singing of Herr Formes is sure to be racy and German.

“DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM.”—Ballad. Words by J. P. Douglas, music by G. A. Macfarren.

One of those simple and graceful trifles which Mr. Macfarren writes with such facility, and which charm by their finish no less than by their melody. The words of Mr. Douglas would be of the usual ballad type, but for the absence of false and overdone sentiment which distinguishes them.

#### THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF “ROBERT LE DIABLE,” AND THE STYLE OF MEYERBEER.

(From the German of J. Schucht.)  
(Continued from p. 85.)

If we compare the book of *Robert le Diable* with those of the other operas, composed by Meyerbeer in his earlier period, we are forced to admit that here he had a subject wrought out with a felicity, far beyond anything that had been offered to him before. Nay—no composer had before received so masterly a book. At the same time, however, he found that a gigantic problem had been proposed, such as neither he, nor any other composer had hitherto attempted to solve. He had to portray the romantic life of the knights in the fair land of Sicily, and at the same time to depict the national character of the persons from Normandy. As there is not a single word spoken throughout the five long acts, a great deal of talent was required to describe all the dialogued scenes in music, so that they should breathe the highest dramatic truth, without occasioning a feeling of monotony. Even the delineation of the *dramatis personæ* offered numerous difficulties, for in this opera they develop themselves, and stride forth to action before the very eyes of the spectator. The poets had often hinted something of the kind, but only in a sketchy form, producing a mere skeleton, which the composer had to clothe with flesh and blood in order to breathe into it an animating soul. The masterly manner in which all these great dramatic problems are solved by Meyerbeer is sufficiently testified by the opera itself, which, during the last twenty-five years, has travelled through all the countries of Europe. Thus, every character, male and female, stands sculpturally rounded off, and distinct from the rest, acting and living according to its individuality.

If we consider the musical style of this opera, we shall find that a metamorphosis has taken place, that was indeed indicated in *Il Crociato*, but has now attained a completeness that could not have been predicted from a knowledge of the Oratorio and the Seven Hymns of 1811 and 1812. Here those different modes of musical expression, which in Meyerbeer's two early periods appeared as different styles, are blended into organic unity. Here the polyphonic forms are not sought out for the sake of exhibiting science, and gaining respect among the critics, but they are called forth by the action. At the same time, these effects are always produced with the most charming melodies. This is a rarity even with the greatest composers, and there was nothing of the sort in the earliest works of Meyerbeer.

The systematic formalism with respect to melody, that predominated in the works composed by Meyerbeer during his second period, was indeed modified in *Il Crociato*, and accommodated to dramatic exigencies. In *Robert le Diable* it was entirely sacrificed to the drama. Let me not be misunderstood to signify melody altogether, (though certain reformers now-a-days would banish even that from operas); I only refer to that periodical formalism according to which every melody, when once begun, must be carried to the end, without interruption, through its proper series of phrases and periods, without regard to dramatic situation. Thus those characters, who had

something urgent to say—however urgent it might be—were forced to wait quietly till their antagonist had sung his melody fairly through. This formalism, so destructive to dramatic truth, not only governed nearly all the earlier composers, but still prevails in many operatic works of the present day, whence a reactionary party has arisen, that sets itself in opposition to our best operas, and would exclude melody altogether from the “Drama of the Future,” thus passing from one extreme to another.

If, however, Meyerbeer has now completely banished the “periodical formalism,” he has, on the other hand, developed through all the five acts of *Robert le Diable* a charming store of melody, which, with truly magical power, entrances every heart, so that even his critical adversaries are drawn to the theatre by his sweet Sicilian enchantments. Even his melody is peculiarly his own, thoroughly original, and so dramatically conceived, that it is never introduced on its own account, but only employed as a vehicle of expression to answer the ends of the drama.

Meyerbeer's adversaries have called the style of his operas of the second period, the “Italian” style; on the contrary, they designate that of *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots* as an eclecticism of the Italian, French, and German styles. This false opinion will not be adopted by any impartial thinker. I have already proved that Meyerbeer, through his comprehensive studies in all departments of art and science, and in consequence of his long sojourn in the three countries, has assimilated to himself the thought and feeling of each, and that his genius has endowed him with the most delicate sensibility, that he may give musical expression to all the million varieties of human emotion. The style of *Robert le Diable* is neither German, Italian, nor French; it can only be termed “dramatic,” which indeed it is in the fullest sense of the word.

Since then Meyerbeer, by his works, assimilates to himself the mental life of all nations, and, in the different phases of his development, reproduces it with appropriate forms, it was but natural that, when he had reached the highest stage of his productive genius, he was able to effect an organic combination of all his intellectual stores, and thus to create the style in which the character of universal man could be adequately expressed. Thus, in his late operas, is the style of Meyerbeer an organic product arising from a continual union of all particular kinds—the result of the process of cultivation through which he has passed.

Whoever, therefore, at the present time, in reference to Meyerbeer's operas, talks of clap-trap, of passages fashioned to please the vocalist, of orchestral noise, of a morbid desire for originality, and the like, has not attained a right point of intellectual culture. Let any one who, by the study of years, has acquired a sufficient fund of knowledge, take into his hand the score (or even a pianoforte edition) of Meyerbeer's best operas, and anatomically dissect them. He will then find with what consummate dramatic truth the master has followed out his action from its first beginning to its final catastrophe. Let him who cannot do this be contented to enjoy, like millions of other men, who are swayed and inspired by the power of the music. As for those who pretend to find defects here and there, let them define them scientifically, and prove their assertions by examples.

YORK.—February 3rd, 1857.—(From a Correspondent.)—We had a concert in this city last night, and a good one. Our thanks are due to Mr. Marsh, whose spirit drew into this old focus such elements for the public gratification. People are sometimes at home, and yet not at home; and are also sometimes at home though away from home. Everybody was at home last night in the concert-room, though it is no one's home. And this need not astonish when it is known that everything was well performed. The uninitiated are generally at home in music thus executed. Those who heard Mr. Sims Reeves will not easily forget him; and those who heard his *new song* will not easily forget it. If ever the author of the *Bohemian Girl* wedded a poem of exquisite beauty to exquisite music, (and it is well known he has done many,) it is in the present instance. A more exquisite serenade, more exquisitely sung, than “Come into the garden, Maud,” has rarely been heard. Miss Dolby delighted everyone; so did Miss Milner, Mr. Cooper, and last, though not most sentimental, Mr. J. L. Hatton. The room was well attended, and would have been crowded had the weather been less stormy.

DEWSBURY.—Mr. Burton's concert on the 19th January was fully attended. The vocalists were Miss Milner, Miss Crossland, and Mr. Delavanti, and the instrumentalists Mr. Cooper and Mr. Burton.

## MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MADLLE PICCOLOMINI appeared on Sunday for the twelfth time in *La Traviata*. The Théâtre-Italien was crowded, and the audience a brilliant one. I had not heard her in the part since she left London, and was delighted to find a marked improvement in her, both as a vocalist and actress. She has evidently studied hard during the past six months, and has amended those crudities of style which the public readily pardoned in one so young and promising, but which they naturally expected she would eradicate. The last act in particular has been carefully re-studied. Notwithstanding the authority of Shakspeare in *King John*, *Lear*, and other plays, a display of physical suffering upon the stage should, as much as possible, be avoided, and if the incidents of the drama require such display, they should be toned down and softened by the artist, not brought into full pathological relief. In London, Madlle. Piccolomini coughed away her existence during the whole of the last act, and thereby gave additional colour to a scene painful enough in itself. The cough is now entirely suppressed, the suffering is expressed by the intonation of the voice and the feeble movements of the body, and Madlle. Piccolomini has shewn that she is neither spoilt by flattery nor lulled by success into careless idleness. I am happy to say that the fair *prima donna* is now busily engaged in studying *La Gazza Ladra*, and that the London public will, early next season, see and hear her in the charming part of Ninetta.

Mario's Alfredo is perfectly wonderful. His *brindisi* with Piccolomini, in the first act; his solo in the second; and the duets with Violetta in the second and third, were simply perfection. To know what Mario is, he must be heard in two schools of music: that which makes the artist like the music of Mozart; and that which the artist makes like the music of Verdi. Interpret the music of Alfredo or the Duke in *Rigoletto* by any other tenor than Mario, and it falls flat and weary on the ear; let Mario be the singer and even these "dry bones live." While the immortal strains of Mozart delight in themselves, even when sung without the adventitious advantage of voice and style imparted by a Mario or a Tamberlik. Sig. Graziani has recovered from his recent illness, and sang the music of the "cruel father" with proper dignity and pathos.

What shall I say of *Le Trouvère* at the Grand-Opéra? The truth is unpalatable, but it must be told, and a greater failure can hardly be imagined. The following is the cast: *Le Trouvère*, M. Gueymard; Conte de Luna, M. Bonnehée; Leonora, M<sup>me</sup>. Deligne-Lauters; Azucena, M<sup>me</sup>. Borghi-Mamo. *Placé aux dames*, M<sup>me</sup>. Deligne-Lauters (who is of Belgian extraction), possesses a lovely mezzo-soprano voice. As a vocalist, however, she has almost everything to learn, and she is hardly a whit improved since some two years and a half ago she played at the *Théâtre-Lyrique* in *Le Billet de Marguerite*. In person she is extremely short, and somewhat stout, with a little round face well adapted for a peasant girl, but wholly opposed to every notion of the dignity of tragedy. She has never been taught the rudiments of acting, and seems incapable of improvement as a vocalist. It is really sad to see that one endowed by nature with so superb a voice should be indifferent to the means by which alone it can be turned to advantage. Madame Borghi-Mamo had a great and deserved success in the part of Azucena, when forming part of the *troupe* at the *Italiens*. She has a fine contralto voice, has been taught in the best school, and is in every sense of the word a most accomplished artist. But alas! she is by no means familiar with the French language, and a mistake in pronunciation at the Opéra is as great a crime as a false Latin quantity in the House of Commons. Hence she is always on thorns and is ill at ease both in her acting and singing. She is ever dreading lest she should make a slip, and hear the derisive laugh with which such occurrence would inevitably be greeted. In fact the Azucena at the Opéra can hardly be recognised as the same interpretation which pleased and delighted at the *Italiens*. Would you know how to sing "a passion that tatters, to very rags;" hear

M. Gueymard in the *Trouvère*. The "Adieu, Leonora," in the last act, is ranted rather than sung, and, to cut a long story short, all that Mario is not in the *Trovatore*, M. Gueymard is in the *Trouvère*; and all that M. Gueymard is, Mario is not. M. Bonnehée is respectable as the Conte de Luna, and sings "Il balen" so as generally to secure an encore. Verdi has written some ballet music for the third act, in which the whole *corps de ballet* is brought into requisition. Alas! how different from that of the nuns, the bathers, and the skaters, in *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*—to say nothing of the fishers and the Switzers in *Masaniello* and *Tell*, of the peasants in *Der Freischütz*, the maskers in *Gustave*, the Bayaderes in *Le Dieu et La Bayadère*, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the reeling dervishes in *The Ruins of Athens*. All is in vain, and while *Le Trouvère* never fails at the one house, *Le Trouvère* possesses no charm to allure the public to the other.

*Psyché* is the name of the new comic opera, in three acts, produced at the Opéra-Comique. MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Cané have written the libretto, and M. Ambroise Thomas composed the music. The piece is somewhat weary, and the music is worthy of the piece. I asked a famous French wit and thorough musician, whom I met after the first performance, what he thought of the music! His reply was "Les décors sont magnifiques." But the music! said I. "Personne n'en dit rien, les décors sont magnifiques." I cannot do better than follow this example, and say nothing about the music, which is sorry stuff, though Mesdames Ugalde and Lefebvre, as Cupid and Psyché, and M. Bataille, as Mercury, do their best for it. It is, however, magnificently put on the stage, and the *mise-en-scène* is even worthy of Mr. Charles Kean and the Princess's Theatre—the highest praise I can bestow upon it. The scene in the third act is really unique. The stage represents a large open garden, planted with trees and surrounded by rustic cottages—groups of youths and maidens dance gaily round a statue of Pan garlanded with bays and flowers. A troop of actors, preceded by a flute player, advances in rank towards the footlights. Mercury, his head wreathed with laurel, and the comedian's mask upon his shoulder, approaches on a car drawn by two fauns. Two comedians march in his train masked as Bacchus and Silenus. A Bacchanalian chorus, with solo sung by Mercury, leads to a trio for Mercury, Eros, and Psyché, and to the finale, with an air, "Je suis Eros, et les cieux et la terre m'obéissent."

I must postpone an account of *La Reine Topaze* until next week.

## PARISIAN THEATRES.

The following letter has been addressed by M. Fould, Minister of State, to all the directors of theatres in Paris:—

"Whenever any new piece is announced for representation, and on other attractive performances, the box book-keepers have been in the habit of holding back the best places, and stating to those persons who wished to take them, 'that they could not be had as they were specially retained for the Minister of State and his officials.' This is untrue. If the Minister, or anyone attached directly or indirectly to his office, wish to have places retained for them in the theatres, they can only obtain them by application, like the public generally, and not by using any official influence to procure them.

"I beg, therefore, for the future, you will prevent any such representations being made at your theatre, and which serve only to hide certain theatrical abuses which I am now tracing to their foundation.

"Le Ministre d'Etat, A. FOULD."

HERR REICHARDT.—*La Presse*, in noticing a private concert at the hotel of the Comtesse de L—, says: "M. Reichardt, a tenor whom England and Germany have so warmly applauded, sang, with exquisite taste, the melodies of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Prince Poniatowski; the latter presiding at the piano. The success of M. Reichardt was brilliant and complete, his pure and flexible voice, and his elegant style, being universally admired. Herr Reichardt will sing at the Tuileries during the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. He has also been offered an engagement at the Grand-Opéra. His first concert in Paris takes place in the Salle Erard next month."

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

**HAYMARKET.**—A new three-act comedy, entitled *The Double-faced People*, adapted (by Mr. Robert Brough) from *Les Faux Bonhommes*, by MM. Théodore Barrière and Ernest Capendu—the most successful production last year at the Vaudeville in Paris—was brought out on Saturday at this theatre, and received with genuine applause.

An elderly gentleman of property, Vacile, residing in the country, has two daughters, Emily and Fanny. He has promised Emily in marriage to Augustus Pike, a young gentleman of expectations. Emily, however, is in love with George Medley, a young painter, who comes to the house to take Vacile's portrait. Subsequently, Vacile discovers that Medley is the nephew of Moneybee, a millionaire, and looking upon him as the heir of his uncle, he breaks off with Pike, and promises Emily to Medley. Moneybee arrives soon after, and declaring his nephew has no expectations from him in consequence of his choosing the profession of an artist, Vacile again veers round and restores Emily to Pike. Pike has a speculating friend, Scripp, of the Stock Exchange, and the confederate pair are anxious to obtain the £10,000 promised as Emily's marriage portion. Medley, nevertheless, is not to be set aside so easily. He prevails upon his uncle—who will do anything but supply him with money—to enter into a plot to obtain Emily for his wife. He affects to be a speculator on the Stock Exchange, and to have amassed a large fortune. Vacile, again, desirous to enrich his family, prefers Medley for his son-in-law, and repudiates Pike. Medley, now treating the marriage contract as a matter of business, insists on Vacile increasing Emily's dowry, from ten to twenty thousand pounds. After long holding out, Vacile consents. Meanwhile, not to be balked of his expectations from Vacile's money, Pike, by Scripp's advice, offers to wed Fanny instead of her sister, with which proposal old Vacile closes, as he is anxious to secure the friendship of Scripp, who has promised him, through his influence in the speculating world, on the advance of £20,000, to secure him a vast fortune. Medley marries Emily, and Vacile discovers the trick played upon him by his son-in-law. His indignation, however, is changed to horror on discovering that Scripp has absconded with his money. He then learns the true gist of the trick practised upon him by Medley, who, seeing the trap laid for him by Pike and Scripp, by a false representation of his personal means, has saved him £20,000. This is the true plot. There is an episode in which Scrummel, a caricaturist and friend of Medley, follows Fanny throughout the piece as a lover, without acknowledging his love, and in the end wins upon her by his disinterestedness and good-nature. He carries with him a sketch-book, in which he places portraits of all his acquaintances who are "double-faced," and the occasional production and description of which affords considerable amusement. There is also a couple introduced, Mr. and Mrs. Wrangle, always billing and cooing before company, and quarrelling in private; and one Gloss, who begins praising everything, but ends with an "only."

Although the story involves nothing exceedingly original or striking, the incidents are numerous and managed with great tact, and the dialogue, without being brilliant or witty, is forcible and telling. The characters are strongly marked, and we have seldom seen a play in which the actors are all so well suited. Mr. Chippendale was excellent as the alternating Vacile; Mr. Rogers still better, although having less to do, as the inflexible Moneybee; and Messrs. W. Farren, Villiers, and Braid, all highly efficient as Medley, Pike, and Scripp respectively. Mr. Compton was most admirable as Gloss, and gave the final "only" with infinite gusto and point. Although the character of Scrummel has few salient points, the quiet humour of Mr. Buckstone and his natural bye-play gave it especial weight and interest. Mr. Cullenford and Mrs. Poynter, too, were excellent in the small parts of Mr. and Mrs. Wrangle; and their son Tom was shrewdly personated by Mr. Clarke, notwithstanding his moustachios and whiskers by no means indicated the requisite juvenility. Also Mrs. Poynter might be rated for not "aging" herself more in Mrs. Wrangle, who lacked the maternity in look which would constitute Tom's parent. The parts of Emily and Fanny were filled in the most graceful

and satisfactory manner by Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam and Miss Reynolds.

The epithet of *Double-faced* is, by-the-way, a misnomer. Mr. Vacile is simply, what his name bespeaks him, a vacillator. He changes his mind, but does not pretend. On the contrary, he expresses himself exactly as he feels. Gloss is not double-faced, inasmuch as he uses his exceptions openly as well as behind back. Tom has no pretence whatsoever, and Scripp and Pike are common adventurers, who lie for their own especial benefit. Mr. and Mrs. Wrangle alone fulfil the intentions of the name of the piece. They are really "double-faced," since they assume a character in company which is not compulsory, nor even necessary. The remaining characters are all amiable personages. The French title, *Les Faux Bonhommes*, is far more appropriate.

On Thursday, a new candidate for Irish theatrical honours appeared in the comedy of *The Irish Attorney*, as Pierce O'Hara—a part once made so famous by poor Power—but failed to achieve any success. A good Irish actor would now be a god-send.

**OLYMPIC.**—A new farce, called *A Splendid Investment*, from the well-practised pen of Mr. Bayle Bernard, was brought out on Monday evening, and has been repeated during the week. Its success was triumphant the first night, and has increased rather than diminished with each performance. Mr. Bernard's great merit is that his pieces always bear the native stamp on their countenance. He seeks no foreign aid, and looks at home for his raw materials. If his plots sometimes suffer through lack of ingenuity, his barrenness, as well as his invention, is all his own. He does not decorate himself in borrowed plumes, and dub himself "inventor" when he is merely "pilfering." His new farce is not one of his best, nor, indeed, is it happy in point of construction. It is, however, full of bustle and fun, smart and hitting in the dialogue, and, above all, affords Mr. Robson an admirable vehicle for the display of his rare and inimitable acting. Seldom, indeed, has the histrion been seen to greater advantage than in the grocer of the *Splendid Investment*, who, by sheer good-nature, is plunged into all sorts of difficulties and contretemps.

**ASTLEY'S.**—*Rob Roy*, with all Bishop's music, has been produced at this theatre, the equestrian illustrations being confined to Rob Roy's escape from the royal troops, and the mounting of Captain Thornton's company to search for the marauder. The troupe at Astley's, to all appearance, is modulating from horsemanship to the humanities of the drama. We should be sorry the theatre should forego its speciality. What would the ghost of Ducrow say? A Mr. Eburne sang the tenor airs pleasingly, and was encored in "My love is like a red, red rose."

**FAVINELLI IN VOGUE.**—A Signor Manzoli cleared at the Haymarket, by his benefit, in March, 1765, a thousand guineas after paying expenses. One admirer complimented the singer with a £200 note for a single ticket. But Farinelli was the reigning favourite, and of whom it is related a lady of fashion in a transport exclaimed, "One God, one Farinelli!" Happily this outrageous idolatry was cut short by the removal of its idol, invited by the Queen of Spain to administer to the maladies of Philip V., suffering from extreme dejection of spirits. This unhappy prince had fallen into such self-abandonment that he was not only neglectful of public affairs, but his own person, and would not allow his attendants to dress or shave him. He was, however, charmed into life by the rich vocalism of the Italian, and Farinelli was amply rewarded by his royal patient.—*Wade's England's Greatness.*

**A SERIOUS DIFFERENCE.**—A duel took place the other day somewhere near the banks of the Ticino between an Austrian officer and a young Milanese named Viola. The cause occurred in the Scala a night or two before. M. Viola, not being pleased with some part of the performance, considered himself entitled to express his disapprobation, and did so, whereupon an Austrian officer walked up to where he was in the pit and ordered him to desist, as I am told, in such an overbearing tone that the Milanese thought himself bound to resent it. The consequence was a meeting, when they fought with sabres, and M. Viola was so severely wounded in the arm that it is feared he must lose it.



## THE ROYAL THEATRICALS.

(To the Editor of The Times.)

SIR,—It is with great reluctance that I request you to insert a few lines in your columns, in explanation of the paragraphs that have appeared in several newspapers, in consequence of the step which Mr. Rogers, of the Olympic Theatre, has thought proper to take with reference to his payment for services rendered at the performance at Windsor Castle.

When performers are singly engaged at the Palace, their remuneration is allotted according to a scale which has never, to my knowledge, been questioned; but when it occasionally happens that the greater number of the performers for the evening's entertainment are taken from one theatre, and the manager finds it necessary to close his house for the night, he receives a sum of money in payment of the services of himself and his company, which are transferred to Windsor Castle, instead of being given at his theatre in London. When a theatre closes for this purpose every person of this company receives the same salary to which he would have been entitled if the theatre had remained open to the public, and those members who are engaged at Windsor, in addition to the payment of every incidental expense, receive an extra night's salary. Mr. Wigan closed his theatre, and Mr. Rogers, therefore, must have been paid as much again as if he had acted on that night in London. Individual salaries are not specified, but the manager names the aggregate sum, which is handed to him accordingly. Until I read the paragraphs in the newspapers, I was not aware that 13s. 4d. was Mr. Rogers's nightly payment at the Olympic Theatre.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES KEAN,

Director of Her Majesty's Private Theatricals.

7, Upper Hyde-park-street, Feb. 9.

## ONE THOUSAND FLORINS FOR A SYMPHONY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It is often and with justice alleged, that little or no encouragement is given to native musical talent in England. The musical directors of some of the continental capitals offer, from time to time, prizes for the best piece of vocal and instrumental music. For instance, the "Instrumental Club," at Vienna, offered some years ago a premium of a thousand florins; and the "Société de la Grande Harmonie," of Brussels, offered, three years ago, one of fifteen hundred francs for the best symphony.

In this manner encouragement is given to real talent, which, alas! is too often kept out of sight by many pretenders, who having got possession of the 'vantage ground,' would allow no music but their own to be heard.

I would suggest that the Philharmonic Society of London should offer a prize of one hundred pounds for the best symphony by a native composer, and that certain distinguished artists of France and Germany should be invited to act as moderators.

The successful composition would, no doubt, excite great interest, were it performed at any one of the concerts of the society—say the last of the season. Your obedient servant, JUSTUS.

[The Philharmonic Society prefer employing their surplus funds in presenting testimonials to the most zealous and actively directing of their directors.—ED. M. W.]

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Feb. 9th, 1857.

SIR,—I trust you will permit me, as a member and well-wisher of the Royal Society of Musicians, to say a few words on the question which you have recently raised respecting the administration of its funds. You appear to think that the non-professional subscribers and donors to those funds bestow their bounty under the impression that it is intended for the relief of any musician of talent who may fall into adversity. I beg to say that the Institution has never so deceived its patrons. Their aid has always been solicited expressly in behalf of its members, and there is one consideration which alone suffices to prevent annuities being granted to others (i. e., to non-members, who in their day of prosperity never thought of the future), namely, the income of the Society would not suffice for the purpose.

With regard to the "£80,000 lying idle," I can only say that this appears to me a matter of opinion; and my opinion is that the pros-

perity of the Society, and the good which it has done for upwards of a hundred years, are proofs of the wisdom of the plan of investment which it has pursued, in common, I believe, with all similar provident institutions. Indeed, I do not see how the Society could possess stability under any other plan. Had it devoted its entire capital in the carrying out of its purpose, how could the continuance of even the smallest annuity be guaranteed? A distressed member (or, as you would have it, any distressed musician) might receive, one year, a certain amount, and the next year nothing. Would this be a satisfactory mode of proceeding?

There can be but one feeling of regret at the misfortunes of Mr. Loder—one of the most talented musicians of whom this country can boast. Had he, in the days of his prosperity, contributed his mite to the Royal Society's funds, in the then hope of assisting towards the succour of some one less fortunate than himself, the bread thus kindly "cast upon the waters," would now have returned "after many days."

A YOUNG MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

MILAN.—(From our own Correspondent), February 9th.—The Emperor and Empress of Austria, accompanied by the King of Bavaria—the actual guest of the Imperial pair—attended the performance at the Canobbiana on Saturday evening. It was the first representation of the revival of *L'Éclair d'Amore*, supported by the artists from La Scala, and a new ballet, entitled *Catherine de Guise*, with the artists of the Cannobbiana. The ballet made a "fiasco," and marks of disapprobation were only restrained by the presence of the Imperial party, which the Milanese public in general recognised with perfect tact. The execution of Donizetti's charming opera was found excessively mediocre, and the effect will probably be still worse when it is produced on the vast stage of the Scala, so little favourable in general to the performance of comic operas. The tenor, Giuglini, alone, who had accepted the part of Nemorino, *par complaisance*, in consequence of the indefinite postponement of the *Huguenots*, achieved a brilliant success from beginning to end. He sang the music with exquisite taste and refinement. The *prima donna*, Mademoiselle Beltramelli, (Bertrandi) was not in voice; and the baritone, Signor Cressi, scarcely recovered from his recent indisposition, did not come up to the expectations formed of him. The production of the *Favorita*, for Giuglini—in which he is really admirable—was contemplated at the Scala (where everything is going ill this year); but the want of a *prima donna* to fill the part of Leonora prevented it. The management has just succeeded in engaging Mdlle. Marietta Spezia, whom Mr. Lumley has secured for next season, and who, I venture to prophecy, will become immensely popular with the aristocratic *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre. She will make her *début* at the Scala, as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, in conjunction with Giuglini as Raoul. Subsequently, Mdlle. Spezia will appear in *La Traviata*. This engagement has been made on munificent terms for the artist. The day after to-morrow the ballet of *Monte Christo* will be revived at the Scala. Although it was performed no less than thirty times last year at the Canobbiana, it still possesses for the Milanese the greatest attraction.

NORTHALLERTON.—Under the superintendence of Mr. Whitehead, *The Messiah* was performed in the parish church on the morning of the 16th January, and on the evening of the same day a concert was given at the Golden Lion Hotel. The principal vocalists were, Miss Senior, Miss Alice Watson, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lambert, with a chorus; director, Mr. Whitehead; organist, Mr. W. Dennis. There was a good attendance on both occasions.

ROCHDALE.—On Wednesday evening, the 21st January, the Harmonic Choral Society gave its last concert for the season in the Public Hall, Bailie-street. The first part consisted of selections from Handel's *Joshua*, and *Judas Maccabæus*. Miss Milner, Mr. Wrigley, and Master Pitts were the principal vocalists. Mr. H. Cooper was the violin.

WORCESTER.—The annual "Amateurs' Concert," lately held in the Music-hall, was one of the best we remember. The singers were Miss Bell, Miss Watts, the Misses Grey, Mrs. Corbett, Miss Temple, Lieut. Colonel Bell, and Mr. Millais. The Hon. Mrs. Talbot was the pianist, Mr. Isaac the violoncellist, and Mr. Peel the concertist. The chorus and orchestra, chiefly amateurs, went well together.

**PROGRAMME OF MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S**  
SECOND SOIREE MUSICALE, at her residence, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, on Tuesday, February 24th, 1857. To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

**PART I.**—Trio in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Miss Arabella Goddard, M.M. Sainton and Paque—Mendelssohn. Song, Mr. W. Winn—Schubert. Song, Madame Lemmens (late Miss Sherrington). Sonata (Op. 111), Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard—Beethoven.

**PART II.**—Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Miss Arabella Goddard, M.M. Sainton and Paque—Spohr. Song, Madame Lemmens—Schubert. Song, Mr. W. Winn—Mendelssohn. Three Sketches (Pianoforte), Miss Arabella Goddard—W. S. Bennett—"The Lake," "The Mill Stream," "The Fountain."

The following eminent artists will assist during the Series: Vocalists—Madlle. Salari, Madame Enderssohn, Madame Weiss, and Madame Lemmens (late Miss Sherrington), Mr. W. Winn, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists—Herr Ernst, Mons. Sainton, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. R. Blagrove, Herr Goffrie, Signor Piatti, Mons. Paque, and Mr. H. Chipp. Accompanist—Signor Fossi.

Subscription ticket for the two remaining Soirées, fifteen shillings; single ticket, half-a-guinea; to be had only of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

The Third Soirée will take place on Tuesday, March 10th.

**E. J. LODER.**—Subscriptions received for the benefit of Mr. E. J. Loder, who has been suffering for the last three months from a severe mental disease, which has disabled him from pursuing his professional avocations.

Invocations.				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Sims Reeves, Esq.	..	5	0	0	John Boosey	..	2	0	0				
Thomas Chappell, Esq.	..	2	2	0	W. Sterndale Bennett, Esq.	..	1	1	0				
W. H. Holmes, Esq.	..	0	10	0	W. Dorrell, Esq.	..	1	1	0				
Boosey and Sons	..	2	0	0	A Friend	..	0	10	0				
Brinley Richards, Esq.	..	1	1	0	Jules Benedict, Esq.	..	5	0	0				
F. Weber, Esq.	..	1	0	0	Captain Kelso	..	1	1	0				
Sir George Smart	..	1	0	0	Signor Parvicini	..	1	0	0				
Dr. Buck (Norwich)	..	1	1	0	— Andrews, Esq.	..	0	5	0				
C. Boosey, Esq.	..	1	0	0	Langton Williams, Esq.	..	1	1	0				
John Ellis, Esq.	..	0	10	0	Mariau	..	1	1	0				
Mr. Saunders	..	0	5	0	Anonymous	..	5	0	0				
Miss Arabella Goddard	..	1	1	0	Alfred Mallon, Esq.	..	1	1	0				
Henry Simms, Esq.	..	1	1	0	C. O. Hodges, Esq.	..	2	2	0				
G. A. Macfarren, Esq.	..	2	0	0	W. H. Payne, Esq.	..	0	10	0				
Addison, Hollier, and Lucas	..	2	2	0	Messrs. Kirilaud and Jardine	..	0	10	0				
— Baynam, Esq.	..	0	10	0	A Crutenden, Esq.	..	0	5	0				
S. W. Walcey, Esq.	..	0	5	0	— Wilkes, Esq., Merthyr Tydvil	..	0	5	0				
F. Blake, Esq.	..	1	1	0	Frank Mori, Esq.	..	1	1	0				

It is requested that post-office orders be made payable to either of the under-mentioned houses, who have undertaken to receive subscriptions:

ADDISON, HOLLIER, & LUCAS, 210, Regent-street.  
BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.**—On Monday, February 16th, and during the week, the New Drama, *THE BLACK BOOK*, in which Mr. Charles Mathews will appear. To conclude with the new Pantomime, *SEE SAW, MARGERY DAW*, supported by Auriol, Bolano, Flexmore, Milles, Osment, and Rosina Wright. Commence at 7.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Monday, February 16th, and during the week, the New Comedy, *DOUBLE-FACED PEOPLE*, in which Mr. Buckstone will appear. The Pantomime of *THE BABES IN THE WOOD*, every evening. Commence at 7.

**LYCEUM THEATRE ROYAL.**—Lessee, Mr. CHARLES DILLON.—On Monday, February 16th, and during the week, the highly successful and gorgeous Burlesque and Pantomime of *CONRAD AND MEDORA; OR, HARLEQUIN CORSAIR AND THE LITTLE FAIRY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA*: Miss Woolgar, Mrs. C. Dillon, Mr. J. L. Toole, etc.; preceded by a New Play by Mr. Westland Marston, entitled *A LIFE'S RANSOM*, and in which Mr. Dillon will appear. Commence at 7.

**THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.**—Monday, Feb. 16, and during the week, Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS will appear. A NIGHT AT NOTTING HILL, Mr. Wright, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Miss Mary Keeley. To conclude with, every evening, the Burlesque Pantomime, *MOTHER SHIPTON, HER WAGER; OR, HARLEQUIN KNIGHT OF LOVE AND THE MAGIC WHISTLE*. Commence at 7.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Monday, Feb. 16th, and during the week, *DELICATE GROUND*; a New Farce by Bayle Bernard, Esq., called *A SPENDID INVESTMENT*—Robson, Vining, etc.; to conclude with Planche's new fairy extravaganza, called *YOUNG AND HANDSOME*. Principal characters, Messrs. Robson, Rogers, Leslie; Misses Swanborough, Thirlwall, St. Case. Commence at half-past 7.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Monday, Feb. 16th, and during the week, the new grand Christmas Pantomime, called *ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE GENIE OF THE RING*. Preceded by a Play. Commence at 7.

**THEATRE ROYAL, SADLER'S WELLS.**—Monday, February 16th, and during the week, the New Pantomime, *THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE*, preceded by a Shaksperian Play, in which Mr. Phelps will appear. Commence at 7.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. H. DALSTON.**—The late Braham was an excellent musician, and must have understood the theory of music, since his compositions are numerous.

**J. W. S.**—Our correspondent should have enclosed his name and address. Anyone who reads the *Musical World* must be well aware that M. Alexandre Billet has performed the Sonata of Beethoven, Op. 106 (in B flat)—not once merely, but twice; and, indeed, if we are not mistaken, thrice in public. The Op. 78 is not in F, but in F sharp; this, however, and the Op. 90 (in E minor and major), are comparatively easy. M. Charles Halle's performances of Op. 101 (in A), Op. 110 (in A flat), and Op. 111 (in C minor), and M. Billet's of the Ops. 101 and 111 were also noticed at length in the *Musical World*; besides another (which J. W. S. has forgotten)—viz., Madame Claus's performance of the Op. 110. Now that Miss Arabella Goddard (who plays all these, and many more in the bargain, and who executed the gigantic Op. 106, when she was only seventeen) has given the Op. 109 (in E), all Beethoven's later sonatas have been introduced to the London public. What is more, they are rapidly becoming popular. Our correspondent has entirely misunderstood the *Morning Post*, and, like Don Quixote, battles against a wind-mill.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1857.

A WEEK'S reflection has brought with it the conviction that to print the letter signed "An Old Member" would answer no purpose whatever. It enters into private matters with which neither the Royal Society of Musicians nor ourselves have any concern, and to the details connected with which we have no desire of affording a notoriety beyond the power of "Audi Alteram Partem" (who encloses his name and address), and still less of "An Old Member" (who prefers keeping his identity a secret) to bestow. Moreover, we ventured to suggest, in our last week's number, that the gentleman who declared himself, and the gentleman who did not, were one and the same. Under such circumstances it is not unreasonable to suppose that what this person has the courage to state publicly, and upon his own responsibility, is all that our readers can wish to know, and so far as the question at issue is at stake all that is requisite for them to know. After the strong opinion we have so frequently professed and defended, it would be scarcely consistent to entertain them with an elaborate reply to an anonymous communication, which, were it written in the language of Swift or Thackeray, instead of the loosest possible English, would not for that enjoy a bit more claim to consideration. We shall, therefore, dismiss "An Old Member," with the rest of the anonymous tribe, now and for ever. To notice such assailants is to endow them with importance; and that is precisely what they want, what they know it is in our power to confer, and what we have not the remotest idea of conferring. It is enough to state that the letter signed "An Old Member" contained much vulgar abuse of *The Musical World* and its presumed conductor, accompanied by even less cogent arguments than the one forwarded by the same individual to our office under another pseudonym, which last letter, in consequence of being accompanied by the real name of the writer, claimed a certain degree of respect, however much it was calculated to damage the cause it endeavoured to uphold.

We have but little to add in the shape of argument to what has already been urged in these columns about the equitable claims of a man like Mr. Loder upon the funds of a musical charity to which non-members, who can never be



claimants, subscribe (according to "Audi Alteram Partem's" own showing) no less than nine-tenths. We have insisted, and we repeat, that these nine-tenths are not intended for Messrs. Harm, Cubitt, and Rockstro (of whom the public in general knows nothing, and probably cares as little); nor for any purposes, direct or indirect, of a mutual insurance society; nor to help a wealthy body-corporate to accumulate money in the stocks, speculate in houses or other sureties, and purchase land and beeves; but for the relief of distressed members of the musical profession, meritorious because of their genius and musical talents, not of such as have accidentally chosen some branch of music as a means of livelihood instead (which *might* have served their turn better) of apprenticing themselves to some honest trade. These last possess, however, one claim upon the Royal Society of Musicians which none can dispute; they have insured their fortunes according to specified regulations, and have a legal right to whatever they may eventually receive. But it would be hard indeed if the public at large had been called upon to subscribe nine-tenths of £60,000 (besides nine-tenths towards the presumed land and beeves) for men about whom the public at large could not under any circumstances care one straw. That the humblest (well-conducted—we keep "Audi Alteram Partem," and Messrs. Harm, in view)—that the humblest member of the musical profession should be enabled to avail himself of such advantages as are within the means of the Royal Society of Musicians to bestow, is unquestionably desirable; but when those who pretend to no return whatever, and if ill-fortune befall them would never dream of applying for relief to the Royal Society of Musicians, have contributed *nine-tenths* of its actual possessions and still contribute nine-tenths of its annual income, it may not be altogether illogical to assume that some higher object induced their benevolence than that which constitutes the basis of the institution as a mutual insurance society.

Need we reiterate that mutual insurance societies have no right to solicit public aid, but that charities *have* a right? Taking then for granted (with "Audi Alteram Partem") that the Royal Society of Musicians is a *charity*,\* we may fairly suggest that its funds should not wholly, or even for the major part, be distributed as the funds of a mutual insurance are distributed. The £40 triumphantly stated by our opponent (in his placid letter), to have been generously accorded to non-members—on the very day that £2 was offered to Mr. Loder—considering how rarely the meetings take place at which such allotments are voted, was, we think, a very paltry sum to boast of.

According to "Audi Alteram Partem" had Mr. Loder been a member he would have been voted *nothing*. Arguing from this fact, then, we must come to the conclusion that as he was voted £2 for being a non-member, it is better (from the mutual insurance point of view) not to be a member than to be a member—more especially in the case of those "improvident" persons, the misfortunes of one of whom led to the institution of the society. To contend against such shallow sophisms as up to the present time have been urged in defence of the Royal Society of Musicians would be a waste of words. Not one fact has been induced to prove that a society so richly endowed by the public has justice on its side when it acts in a way diametrically opposed to the public sympathies. In the case of Mr. Loder, a composer of distinguished ability and great popularity, known perhaps

by name to every admirer of music in the country, and by his works to a large majority, we have a singular instance of misinterpreting that feature in the moral constitution of the Royal Society of Musicians upon which it justifies its right of appeal to classes of the community only related to musicians through a love for the beautiful art which musicians practise.

P.S.—Since the foregoing observations were in type, we have received the following letter from "Audi Alteram Partem":—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR—In compliance with your request I beg to inform you that the Royal Society of Musicians possesses a meeting room and Ground rents amounting to £30 per annum; an amount of landed property scarcely sufficient to realize the myth of "land & beeves."

Not one iota of my statement have you been able to refute. Vehemently reiterated assertions are not proofs and abuse is a bad argument. The utmost you can allege against the Society (during a period exceeding a century) is one error, "a miserable transaction" to which you have given undue publicity. Therefore the duty devolves on you to free this "miserable transaction" from the Slander and Calumny which you admit surround it, or you must share the blame with those who have been led in error by falsehoods you can refute. I do not yield to you in a thorough detestation of Slander and calumny or their kindred falsehoods; and I would most willingly co-operate with you in denouncing a baseless rumour and would brand it a lie.

I leave unnoticed many paragraphs in which personalities abound; and I beg most respectfully to decline imitating intentional discourtesy. I must protest, moreover, against my letters being connected with those of your anonymous correspondents; and likewise against the substitution of "*eminent*" for "*imminent*," for the former does not exist in the draught of my letter.

To conclude: the careful management displayed in the publication of my letter is not of a nature to induce the continuance of a correspondence, which (on one side at least) is rapidly subsiding into coarse vituperation and personal abuse.

I am Sir, your placid servant,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Feb'y. 10th, 1857.

The above is important, inasmuch as it contains information which, whatever "Audi Alteram Partem" may please to think, we are just as anxious as himself that the public should know. The "land and beeves," then, are a myth. We are glad of it—for although we cannot by any sophistry be made to believe that the Royal Society of Musicians is conducted altogether in the spirit which its charitable patrons (who are not members) contemplate, we are by no means hostile to its interests. The contrary has been sufficiently apparent, we imagine, in the support we have done our best to give it during the course of a long series of years. It is our sincere wish that the Royal Society of Musicians should prosper, and aim at realising the *beau-ideal* of a charity. It is, however, open to animadversion, like every other public institution; and in strongly deprecating the recent behaviour of its directors towards a musician so distinguished as Mr. Loder, we have simply done our duty.

The other points in the communication of "Audi Alteram Partem" are scarcely worth notice. We can readily believe that "*eminent*" for "*imminent*" was a *lapsus penne*, and are willing to afford our correspondent the benefit of the doubt. The charge of "personality," however, we altogether disclaim; and as to that of connecting "Audi Alteram Partem" with our "anonymous correspondents," we can only say that if he and "An Old Member" be not one and the same person, their hand, their style, and their *writing-paper* are identical. And here let the matter end.

A letter, signed "A Young Member of the Royal Society of Musicians," will be found in another column; but as the arguments it produces have all been disposed of, it is unnecessary to allude to it further.

\* In reality it is both a mutual insurance and a charity.

MR. JAMES ROGERS is precisely in the condition of Lord Byron, when he woke one morning and found himself famous. Prior to last Tuesday week, theatrical *habitués* were indeed aware that a very clever low comedian of this name had, for some years past, made a respectable figure at two or three conspicuous theatres, and that, having in former days supported two or three tottering farces at the Adelphi, he had recently upheld an exceedingly shaky one at the Olympic. Nay, many persons went so far as affectionately to call him "Jemmy Rogers," thus at once displaying their kindly sentiments towards him, and distinguishing him from the more weighty comedian of the same surname who affords so much solid enjoyment to the audience of the Haymarket. Theatrical *habitués* form, however, but a small section of the London world; and many is the honest man who takes his family to see a pantomime regularly every Christmas, who, prior to Tuesday week, had never heard of Mr. Rogers.

What so capricious as Fame! Mr. Rogers, by displaying comic talents of no mean order for at least five successive years, only earned a partial celebrity. One little deed, performed on Tuesday week, has rendered him the most conspicuous man in London. No—Fame is not capricious. She works in orderly conformity to the laws of human nature. Only a few can appreciate talent; everybody can understand "pluck."

The chronicle of the deed is extremely brief. The nutshell that is reported to have contained Homer's *Iliad* was not more pregnant with heroism than the two or three lines that appeared as the *coda* to the police reports of Wednesday last.

"Mr. James Rogers, the well-known comedian at the Olympic Theatre, waited on Mr. Elliott, and handed to his worship the sum of 13s. 4d. with the following note:—

"SIR,—Allow me to present to the poor-box the enclosed 13s. 4d., being the amount I received for performing at Windsor Castle on Wednesday evening last.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"—Elliott, Esq.

"JAMES ROGERS.

"Mr. Rogers requested his worship would, with his usual kindness, acknowledge his small donation in the usual way, upon which Mr. Elliott said he would give him a receipt for it, but Mr. Rogers replied that that was not necessary."

There is the tale complete, and we trust that its brevity has not caused the fine variations of feeling which it displays to be overlooked. To the Windsor authorities Mr. Rogers is stern and defiant; he resents the pittance that has been awarded to his genius, and he dashes it to the earth in the presence of an admiring public. Not even the punning consolation of *Punch*, that the amount paid to him constituted an acknowledgment that he was an actor "who had made his mark," shall appease the wrath of his soul. But to the magistrate, the protector of his country's laws, he is courtesy itself. Mr. Elliott offers a receipt, but Mr. Rogers will not take it. *Sans peur et sans reproche*, Mr. Rogers is certainly the Bayard of the present month.

However, even this pithy record of gallantry might have failed to make Mr. Rogers immortal, had it not been followed up by a whole Rogerian literature. The affair is one that absolutely refuses to "blow over."

First comes forward Mr. Alfred Wigan, manager of the Olympic, with a letter to the Editor of *The Times*. His views are decidedly anti-Rogesian. A report that he had sanctioned Mr. James Rogers's open avowal of a contempt for petty cash, had reached his ears, and therefore he hastened to declare that "if he had been aware of that gentleman's intention, he would have done all in his power to dissuade him from such an exhibition of bad taste."

This letter, while it has extended the celebrity of Mr. Rogers, by no means damages his popularity. The public applaud his "spirit," though his feudal chieftain criticises his bad taste." The *Leeds Intelligencer* exclaims against the extraordinary manifestation of Windsor shabbiness, asking, who are the persons who are bringing the Court into contempt,—and the article of the *Leeds Intelligencer* is reprinted in *The Times*. Less astonished, but more bitter is the Editor of the *Spectator*, who sees in Rogers' affair, not an exceptional blunder, but an exponent of a deliberate system of courtly parsimony, and hints that though saving is a wholesome act, the economies of royalty are not admirable when they are without effect on the monies awarded to the crown by the nation. Whither do the savings go? asks the *Spectator*, "To Jericho, or to Germany?"

At last, we have an official explanation from Mr. Charles Kean, as "Director of Her Majesty's Private Theatricals." From this we learn that—

"When (as in the Rogers' case), the greater number of the performers for the evenings' entertainment are taken from *one* theatre, and the manager finds it necessary to close his house for the night, he receives a sum of money in payment of the services of himself and his company, which are transferred to Windsor Castle, instead of being given at his theatre in London. When a theatre closes for this purpose, every person of this company receives the same salary to which he would have been entitled if the theatre had remained open to the public, and those members who are engaged at Windsor, in addition to the payment of every incidental expense, receive a night's salary."

It is therefore, not by an abuse or a mistake that an actor of Mr. Rogers's standing receives 13s. 4d. for going "all the way" to Windsor to contribute to the amusement of the "Palace," but the remuneration is quite correct according to an established tariff. We cannot call such a remuneration royal,—and *Punch* explains to us that it is more than noble, "being, in fact," twice as much as noble. Shall we, therefore, hit the *juste milieu* by calling it "princely?"

*Audi alteram partem!* A word on the other side. The Director has explained the "system" of the Court. Let Mr. Rogers now explain what prompted him to adopt a violent proceeding, that may lead to a rupture between the "palace" and the "profession," that cannot conduce to the advantage of the latter. Was he taken by surprise in this matter of the 13s. 4d., and if not, why did he voluntarily enter into an engagement and protest against it immediately afterwards? Unless he clears up this point, his laurels may fade as rapidly as they have sprung.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC.—The career of this popular entertainment has been temporarily suspended owing, we regret to state, to the death of Mr. Albert Smith's father, which sad event took place early yesterday morning.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Lumley has concluded an engagement for the ensuing season with Madlle. Marietta Spezia, a *prima donna* of great celebrity, now performing at the Scala at Milan. She will most probably make her *début* as Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Signor Giuglini as Nemorino.

HERR ERNST.—This distinguished violinist is at present sojourning at Brighton, for the benefit of his health. He has, nevertheless, made several artistic visits to Manchester, Bradford, Sheffield, etc., besides performing in several concerts at Brighton. Everywhere the great violinist has been received with enthusiasm. Our metropolitan *dilettanti* will be pleased to hear that the fresh sea-breezes and the clear sky of Brighton (where Ernst's fine talent has been fully appreciated, and his assistance at all the first musical *réunions* has been a *sine quâ non*) have quite re-established his health, and that he will shortly return to London for the season.

## MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD still progresses. She is too genuine an artist to be satisfied with standing still, when there is any further point to attain. This was shown on Tuesday evening, at the first of three *soirées* held at her own residence in Welbeck-street. Miss Goddard's playing on the present occasion in some respects surpassed anything we had heard from her previously, much and deservedly as we have eulogised her talent. A sonata of Beethoven, which, though one of the most impressive and surprising of his later works, had never been attempted in public before, was the grand feature of the *soirée*. By the side of this really immense display of mechanical skill, combined with deep and admirable poetic conception, the other performances—irreproachable as they were in the utmost signification of the term—can only be regarded as bagatelles. But let us give the programme *in extenso* :—

## PART I.

Quartet in G minor (No. 3), Pianoforte, Violin,  
Viola, and Violoncello . . . . . Mozart.  
Songs, { "On song's bright pinions" } . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
          { "The Garland" } . . . . .  
Sonata (E major—Op. 109), Pianoforte . . . . . Beethoven.

## PART II.

Trio in G major (No. 1 of Op. 9), Violin, Viola, and  
Violoncello . . . . . Beethoven.  
Suites de Pièces (E major), with variations on  
"The Harmonious Blacksmith," Pianoforte . . . . . Händel.  
Song, "Beautiful May" (from "May Day") . . . . . G. A. Macfarren.  
Nocturne (A flat), Allegretto Grazioso (D flat),  
and Allegretto con Grazia (E major), Piano-  
forte . . . . . Chopin and Stephen Heller.

The sonata of Beethoven, Op. 109, is one of the most remarkable of those extraordinary inspirations of what critics term his "third period," which—like the posthumous quartets, the ninth symphony and the second mass—were for a long time condemned, even by Beethoven's professed admirers, as rhapsodies at once incomprehensible and impossible to execute. That they should be incomprehensible if not executed clearly may easily be understood, and as till recently pianists "*de la première force*" were chiefly occupied with composing and performing fantasias on popular operas, and airs with variations of the same stamp, there was little chance of their meeting with that clearness of execution indispensable to render them intelligible. Mendelssohn would often play them with delight to those he thought capable of appreciating them; but then Mendelssohn was a phenomenon, and what was impossible to the majority even of *professed* pianists was nothing to him. Liszt never attempted any of them publicly, though of course no one can doubt his ability to play them. Thalberg and the other great pianists were satisfied with a fugue or two of Bach, a concerto and one sonata (generally the *Moonlight Sonata*) of Beethoven, as a sort of classical stock to be served out occasionally to the English public. And so Beethoven had composed the largest number of his pianoforte works for the shelf!

But things have changed. The taste for operatic hashes, and airs embedded in arpeggios, is rapidly declining, and a healthier taste is as rapidly making way. Much of this in England must be laid to the account of our own Sterndale Bennett (now Dr. and Professor), who set an example which has since found many worthy followers. Among these, though the youngest, Miss Arabella Goddard appears conspicuously as the most gifted and accomplished. We need make no allusions here to her short and unprecedentedly brilliant career, with the details of which our readers are familiar. Her first *soirée*, on Tuesday, was, as her admirers anticipated, a feast of good music set off by the most perfect execution, which instructed while it gratified her hearers. We shall not enter into a lengthened description of her various performances. Everyone knows with what united energy and chasteness she plays the music of Mozart, and it will easily be credited that (ably seconded as she was by Messrs. Blagrove, Goffrie, and H. Chipp—all first-rate professors) the pianoforte quartet of that great master was a treat of no common order. The whole of the *suite* of Händel, of which "The Harmonious Blacksmith" is the *finale*, was given, with the same finish,

brilliancy, and taste, as last summer in the Hanover Square Rooms, if not indeed with a greater amount of all three. The "variations" were encored. Chopin's sentimental prelude, and the quaint and charming movements from the *Promenades d'un Solitaire* and the *Nuits Blanches* of Stephen Heller were equally good and equally attractive in another way. But beyond all was the superb sonata of Beethoven (whose "variations" it was interesting to compare with those of Händel in the same key—the poles not being wider apart), Miss Goddard's execution of which revealed the highest intelligence, and a command of the instrument which has never been excelled. It was, to be brief, as prodigious a performance as we can remember, and created unbounded enthusiasm. Beethoven's sonata became as plain and intelligible as the overture to *Figaro*. Miss Goddard was the *Œdipus* that unravelled the enigma of the sublime Sphinx of the Rhine.

The trio for stringed instruments—a fresh and vigorous work of the same master's early period—was capitally played by Messrs. Blagrove, Goffrie, and Chipp, and greatly enjoyed by the audience. Mrs. Enderssohn sang the airs of Mendelssohn with infinite taste; but the song from Mr. Macfarren's *cantata* should never be transposed, and never given without *chorus*.

The accompanist was Sig. Fossi, who proved himself thoroughly *au fait* at his task, and was a valuable contributor to the entertainments of the evening.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

THE thirteenth concert took place on Saturday last, and despite of the threatening aspect of the day the music-room was well filled. The instrumental pieces for the bands were, Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, in A major, given entire; Beethoven's concert overture; Liszt's overture, *Die Götterdämmerung*; and an *intermezzo* by Verhulst. The solo performances were a fantasia on the violoncello by Mr. Daubert, and a solo on the flute by Mr. Svendsen. Mr. Daubert played Servais' *Souvenir de Spa*, a piece abounding in difficulties. Mr. Svendsen was greatly applauded in his performance on the flute, in which he displayed considerable facility of fingering, with a pure and round tone.

Miss Louisa Vinning sang three times—the grand *scena* from *Der Freischütz*; a new song by Mr. Frank Mori, called "The Siren's song;" and a new song by Mr. Alfred Mellon, "Why should I be sad?" Both the new songs were encored. Mr. Frank Mori's is a *bravura* written after the Italian model, with brilliant passages, sustained trills, runs, ascending and descending, built upon a melody at once graceful and captivating. This was Miss Vinning's happiest effort, and the audience redemanded it vociferously. Mr. Mellon's song is extremely pleasing and attractive, its essential characteristics being lightness and gaiety. It is to be regretted that Miss Vinning, when encored, did not repeat it. She gave "Coming thro' the rye" instead. The Friday Concerts have been suspended, in consequence of the preparations necessary for the Grand Händel Festival, to take place in May.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. Costa's oratorio of *Eli* was performed last night for the first time this season. We shall give full particulars in our next. Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were repeated last Friday before one of the largest and most "paying" audiences ever assembled in Exeter Hall. In consequence of their great attraction, they will, we understand, be again performed together in the course of the season.

ROYAL COLLOSSEUM.—The concerts lately established at this popular place of entertainment have proved a special source of attraction. The band of the Crystal Palace attends nightly, and, under the direction of Herr Manns, executes favourite pieces of a light character, not at all infringing on the classical, and well adapted, in the intervals of perambulation, to please such visitors as are bound for London by moonlight, or resort to the stalactite caverns. Not the least interesting feature of the concerts is the singing of Miss Susanna Cole, who nightly fills the old Cyclorama room with vocal melody, and has the misfortune never to escape an encore.



## THE ORCHESTRAL UNION TOUR

IN FEBRUARY AND MARCH.

THE following will be the stereotyped programme on the provincial tour undertaken by Mr. Alfred Mellon and the Orchestral Union, in the course of the present and next month:

PART I.—Overture, "Der Frieschütz," Weber. Quadrille, "The Serenade," Balfe. Allegretto in B from the Symphony in F, Beethoven. Cavatina, "Tacea la Notte" (from *Il Trovatore*), Miss Louisa Vinning. Verdi. New Waltz, "The Isabella" (composed expressly for the Orchestral Union), Mellon. Solo, Violoncello, Mr. G. Collins, Servais. Italian Symphony (Andante con moto and Salterello), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Grand Operatic Selection, *Il Trovatore*, Verdi, with Solos for Flute, Mr. R. S. Pratten; Oboe, M. Lavigne; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Cornet-à-Pistons, M. Duham and Mr. Stanton Jones; Ophicleide, Mr. Hughes—originally produced at M. Jullien's concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1855, arranged expressly for that occasion by Mr. Alfred Mellon. Valse, "Ah che Assorta," sung by Miss Louisa Vinning, Venezano. Solo, Oboe, M. Lavigne (from *Sonnambula*) Lavigne. Overture, "William Tell," Rossini. New Rondo, "The Siren of the Ball," Miss Louisa Vinning, Mellon. Finale Galop, "The Malakoff," H. Laurent.

The leader of the band will be Mr. H. Hill, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, of course, conductor.

## AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE eleventh season was inaugurated on Monday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, as heretofore, with the following programme:—

PART I.			
Symphony (in B flat) ... ..	Haydn.		
Song—"La Recordanza" (Violoncello obbligato) Piatti.			
Solo—Flute ... ..	Boehm.		
Introduction and March ... ..	Gerald Fitzgerald.		
PART II.			
Concerto—Pianoforte (in A flat) ... ..	Hummel.		
Song—"Solitude" ... ..	Waley.		
Part-Songs—(male voices) ... ..	Fleming & Kücken.		
Overture—"Masaniello" ... ..	Auber.		
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.			

The symphony of Haydn was on the whole a very satisfactory performance. The amateurs are more at ease in such music than in the more profound and elaborate works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Moreover the B flat—the ninth of the "Salamon" set—was well chosen, and perhaps in no other work could the band have displayed its good qualities to better advantage. The overture to *Masaniello*, also, would have been entitled to praise, but for the excessively slow pace at which it was taken. Auber, had he been present, would have sent home for a nightcap. The praise bestowed on the symphony must be withheld from the accompaniments to the pianoforte concerto, which were coarse and unsteady throughout. Surely Hummel's orchestral writing is not so difficult! Miss Angelina Levy, however, by her graceful, brilliant, and finished execution made up for everything. The pianoforte concertos of Hummel—and the concerto in A flat (perhaps his best) like the rest—abound in *bravura* passages, which demand no small mechanical proficiency. Flowing and elegant in its themes as in its set-passages, it requires intelligence and taste, no less than manual dexterity, on the part of the executant. "Angelina" possesses both in a high degree, and her execution would be a god-send to more than one "eminent" professor we could mention. The concerto was listened to throughout with marked attention, and the accomplished young pianist applauded enthusiastically at the end of each movement.

The two songs were allotted to Miss Leffler (daughter to the well-known barytone), who displayed a voice of excellent quality, and who promises to become, with practice and study, an acquisition to the concert-room. Signor Piatti's song (though not very original) has the true Italian sentiment; and Mr. Waley's ballad is graceful. The first was encored. The violoncello *obbligato* to the first-named song was admirably played by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald.

Captain Harry Lee Carter—one of our best English amateur flautists—played his solo (Boehm's air, *Tyrolia*) on the "new

Silver Cylinder Flute," of Messrs. Rudall, Rose, and Carte, with considerable brilliancy, his performance seeming to afford high gratification to the audience. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir sang, in the most efficient manner, Kücken's "War Song," and Fleming's setting of Horace's twenty-second ode, commencing, "Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus." The former, a work of more pretension and far less merit than the other, was encored.

We forgot to mention the "Introduction and March" of Lord Gerald Fitzgerald—a work of which we had to speak in favourable terms on a former occasion. It was again executed with great spirit and effect by the band. Mr. Waley accompanied the songs, on the pianoforte, with his accustomed talent.

## BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE SONATA, OP. 109.

(From the Morning Post.)

WHEN some not very profound critic ventured to pronounce certain passages of Goethe's second part of *Faust* obscure, the great poet-philosopher retorted, "Are you quite sure, sir, that nothing is the matter with your light?" Beethoven might have put the same question to many of the would-be executants and critics of the stupendous works belonging to his so-called "third manner," many of which remain still perfectly unintelligible to all but artists of the very highest order, and these, we need scarcely add, are extremely rare in all countries.

Without an adequate performance, also, it were impossible for critics to form anything like a correct judgment upon such startlingly original and daring efforts of genius, and consequently they have for the most part remained as far behind the greatest master of modern times as have the performers. Beethoven's prodigious sonata in B flat, Op. 106, was pronounced in England to be utterly incomprehensible, if not unplayable, until a few years back, when the sympathetic genius of Miss Arabella Goddard rendered its profound poetry perfectly clear to all who had "ears to hear;" and on Tuesday evening, at her own concert in Welbeck-street, this gifted young lady did the same good service for another almost unknown, equally fine and difficult, though shorter work, belonging to the "incomprehensible" set—we mean the sonata in E major, Op. 109, dedicated to Mlle. Brentano (supposed to have been the celebrated "Bettina.")

Nobody, we imagine, after hearing this extraordinary performance, could possibly find anything obscure in the work, unless his "light" was out of order. The meaning of each passage was expressed in all its fulness and beauty, and the execution of the last movement, the grand air with variations—the greatest and most difficult portion of this sonata—was the very perfection of classical pianoforte playing. After such successes we hope Miss Goddard will venture still further into the new Elysian fields discovered by the genius of Beethoven, and give us at future concerts the sonatas in A flat and C minor, Nos. 110 and 111.

MADAME OURY'S SECOND *Stance Musicale* took place on Monday last, at her residence. The attendance, as usual, at the *matinées* of this talented and fashionable pianist, was highly aristocratic. The pieces played by Madame Oury were a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (with Mr. Blagrove and Signor Piatti), composed by a well-known amateur, Mr. Lodge Ellerton, a duet (with Signor Piatti) for pianoforte and violoncello, and three pleasing solos of her own composition, the "Traviata," "Le Rossignol Valse," and "La mia Letizia," in all of which she sustained her well-known reputation as an accomplished *artiste*. The vocalists were Mrs. Hepworth, Madame F. Lablache, and Signor Ciabatta. The conductor was Mr. Balfe, whose new ballad, "The Arrow," was sung by Madame Lablache with great effect.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S AMATEUR CHORAL SOCIETY.—Four meetings of the present season have already taken place. The first was devoted to Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*; the second to the *Creation*; the third to *Oberon*; and the fourth to *Elijah*. At the last performance, Mr. Theodore Distin sang the part of Elijah, and the chorus amounted to upwards of fifty voices. The execution of Mendelssohn's grand work was highly creditable to the members.

Mr. ROBSON.—We regret to state that this favourite actor sprained his ankle while dancing the *Pas de fascination* on Wednesday night, and has been unable to act since. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Murray have undertaken the parts usually performed by Mr. Robson, and have acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audiences. It is hoped that Mr. Robson will be able to resume his professional duties in a few days.

Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN has announced his intention of delivering his course of Three Lectures on Music in connection with the Dance, at the Marylebone Institution. The favourable reception bestowed on the lectures at the London Institution and the Russell Institution, have determined Mr. Charles Salaman to submit them to a west-end audience. The first lecture is advertised for Wednesday next.

MADemoiselle COULON'S SOIRÉES MUSICALES.—The first of two soirées announced by this young and talented pianist took place on Tuesday last in the new Beethoven Rooms. Mdle. Coulon played four times—a trio by Beethoven with M. Sauton and Signor Piatti; a sonata by Mendelssohn with Sig. Piatti; a fantasia by Prudent (*Les Huguenots*), and a caprice (*La Caresante*) by Blumenthal for piano solo. Both in the trio and the sonata Mdle. Coulon proved herself an accomplished and intelligent pianist in the classical school of music, while in the fantasia and the caprice, she shewed herself no less an adept in the modern or romantic school. Mdle. Coulon was assisted, by Miss Eyles and Signor Ciabatta as vocalists, and M. Sauton, Signor Piatti and Mr. Engel (on the piano-harmonium) as instrumentalists. The "pianistes accompagnateurs" were MM. Benedict, F. Mori, and Harold Thomas.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S CONCERT.—Our youthful pianist, who, young as she is, has achieved a European celebrity, gave on Tuesday evening the first of a series of soirées at her residence in Welbeck-street. Her selection of music was of the most classical description. The performance began with Mozart's quartet in G minor for the piano, violin, viola, and violoncello—a piece familiar to every amateur, but so charming that it is still fresh and lovely after numberless repetitions. Miss Goddard clothed it with new beauties by her exquisitely pure and finished execution of the principal part; and she was perfectly well accompanied by Mr. Blagrove, Herr Goffrie, and Mr. Horatio Chipp. She next performed Beethoven's sonata in E major, Op. 109; one of the most remarkable pieces of pianoforte playing we have ever heard. The sonata belongs to the latest period of the great master's career, and is marked with all the eccentricities of his mighty genius. It has not the appearance of a regularly constructed work of art, but seems to be a wild, unpremeditated effusion or reverie, full of "sweet and bitter fancies" chasing each other rapidly and fitfully through his mind. It is so enormously difficult that very few pianists are able even to play the notes, far less to give it anything like expression or effect. On this account it has hardly ever been performed, and is almost unknown. But to a player like Miss Goddard the word difficulty has no meaning, and she executed the most tremendous passages with an apparent ease and absence of effort that was nothing less than marvellous. We do not pretend to have been able to comprehend the composer's design, or to trace the headlong current of his thoughts and feelings, but we were able to feel the force of many parts, and the pathos of others; and there is no doubt that it is one of those things full of recondite beauties which develop themselves more and more at every hearing. Miss Goddard afterwards showed her command of every style by playing Händel's beautiful piece which contains "The Harmonious Blacksmith," together with movements, in the most modern style, of Chopin and Stephen Heller. In short, this young lady's playing formed one of those treats, "rich and rare," which only a very few of the greatest artists are capable of giving.—*Daily News*.

DEATH OF THE IRISH PIPER, JOHN GANSEY.—This venerable man, whose name and whose song have been associated, for over half a century, with the talismanic recollections of Killarney, in the breasts of millions at home and abroad, is no more. He passed away calmly and peacefully, on Thursday last, at Killarney, in the 90th year of his age.—*Tralee Chronicle*.

## HEINRICH MARSCHNER.\*

(Continued from page 84.)

His first meeting with Beethoven used to be, subsequently, described by Marschner in a humorous manner, and with juster views than those with which it inspired him at the moment. The young man of one-and-twenty, no doubt, expected the high priest of music to enter more minutely than he did into the manuscripts submitted to him, and yearned for solutions, such as he hoped to obtain from Beethoven alone, of the mysteries of the art. But Beethoven was not partial to indulge in many words. He received young Marschner, however, very well, glanced hastily through the manuscripts, gave them back with a "Hem! hem!" more expressive of satisfaction than the reverse, and said: "I have not much time—must not come too often—but bring something more." Whether Beethoven's tone, or the sudden disappointment of too sanguine expectations on the young man's part, produced in Marschner a momentary confusion, followed by an access of passion, we cannot say: the upshot of the matter was, however, that he returned home in a state of despair, tore up the music he had taken with him, packed up his trunk, and resolved to return to Leipsic, and resume the studies he had commenced there for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood, since it was evident he possessed no talent for art!

Under these circumstances, and in this temper, he was found by Count Amadée, and Professor Klein of Pressburg. In a great state of excitement, he described the scene with Beethoven. It naturally, however, produced on them quite a different impression to that which it produced on our young Hotspur. Their description of Beethoven and his manner recalled to Marschner's mind the kindness and warm-heartedness in the master's look, on speaking the few words he did, and when Marschner further related how, at his departure, Beethoven had cordially shaken hands with him, his friends found it a still more easy task to place the scene in a totally different and a truer light than that in which his passionate excitement had, at first, presented it to him. Subsequent visits to Beethoven proved that Marschner's friends were not mistaken. Beethoven was always kind, and, now and then, let fall a word of encouragement. Marschner, however, never became intimate with him.

It was on an estate belonging to the Count, in Hungary, that Marschner wrote his first musical-dramatic work—*Der Kyffhäuser Berg*—a comic operetta in one act, words by Kotzebue. It was performed with success. The pianoforte selection did not appear until some time later, when it was published as Op. 90, by Cranz, Hamburg, in the year 1830.

Here, too, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Hornbostel, of Vienna, with whom he was soon on a footing of friendship. The first fruits of this was the three-act opera *Heinrich IV. und Aubigné* (*Henri IV. and Aubigné*), for which Hornbostel wrote the book. This opera was the first of Marschner's more important works; it afforded evidence of his great talent for dramatic music, and the favourable opinion entertained of it by Carl M. von Weber, a master whom he greatly respected, increased his confidence in his own powers, and caused him to devote himself definitively to that career which has led him to a high reputation, and an honourable sphere of action.

Marschner's relations with Weber, and, especially the latter's influence upon his artistic development, have, generally, not been represented in strict accordance with the truth. In order to form a more just opinion, we must not forget that Marschner sent the score of *Heinrich IV.* to Weber in 1818, that is to say, at a time when Weber had hardly begun composing *Der Freischütz*, which was not produced on the stage till 1821. He had, however, already written his *Silvana*, *Abu Hassan*, etc., as well as three grand pianoforte-sonatas. He had gone to Dresden, in 1817, as *Capellmeister*, of the German Opera, and it was to that city Marschner forwarded his work to him. Weber's friendly answer and whole behaviour to the younger composer reflect the greatest honour on his character.

How joyfully was Marschner surprised, when the master not only received the work in a very friendly manner, and pro-

\* (From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)



nounced a highly favourable opinion on it, but, without more ado, promised, in his very first letter, to produce it at the Dresden theatre!

Before this promise was fulfilled, however, a considerable time elapsed, during which Marschner busied himself with the composition of a second opera, *Saidar*, by Hornbostel. He scarcely remembered Weber's promise, when, one summer's night (1819) he dreamed he was sitting in the Theatre Royal, Dresden, which he had never seen, waiting, with a beating heart, for his opera to be performed. The overture began; he heard every note of it, and, on its conclusion, rapturous applause greeted his enchanted ear. The curtain went up; the piece proceeded in due course; the music found favour with the audience, and several pieces were especially distinguished by loud applause. At this point he awoke, sprang from his couch, and, half moved by melancholy and half by hope, noted down the day, the hour, and the numbers of the songs most applauded. He afterwards went, with several young friends who came to fetch him early in the morning, on a country excursion. At the expiration of ten days, he received a letter from Weber: his *Heinrich IV.* was really produced on the night he had dreamt it was; the overture was applauded, the whole opera well received, and the pieces he had heard so vividly in his dream had really all been especially distinguished! Weber wrote, at the same time, to say he had the pleasant duty, in the name of the *Geheim-Rath*, Count von Vitthum, of sending him *ten ducats* as payment for his work.

The opera of *Saidar* was performed by the German operatic company at Pressburgh, but, though represented twice (1819), it produced no sensation. The action was totally deficient in dramatic interest. As far as we are aware, nothing has ever been published from these two operas.

In Pressburgh, where for some time he also gave lessons, he wrote a few small and grand masses, as well as several orchestral pieces, symphonies, and overtures, which, however, he has not published. Another opera, *Lucresia*, the book by Ek-schlagler, at that time Secretary to the Theatre at Pressburgh, was commenced by him in 1820. He did not complete it, however, until 1826, when it was very successfully produced at Dantzic under his own superintendence. It is said to contain some excellent choruses and concerted pieces. Whether it was ever performed elsewhere we do not know, but the selections published are *Ballo dell' opera Lucresia*, as Op. 51; the Overture, for orchestra and piano, as Op. 68, (Kistner, Leipsic); and a *Duetto* (as Op. 90?) Nagel, Hanover.

In 1821, Marschner left Hungary, and proceeded to Dresden, whither he was attracted by his love and respect for Carl M. von Weber. The latter, then thirty-five, only ten years older than Marschner, received him very kindly, and, very shortly, there was formed between the two highly-gifted men an intimacy springing from the relationship of their souls, and the similarity of their feelings and views, while it was nourished and maintained by the noblest efforts in the cause of art, for the sake of art alone, and by the same intellectual tendencies on the part of both of them. Almost every evening, not passed at the theatre, was spent by Marschner in the company of Weber and his wife, when they unfolded each other's opinions on the musical progress of the times, and the highest interests of art. But not only did the friends thus mutually communicate their thoughts and opinions: they exchanged, of an evening, on the piano, their musical creations of the day, whether merely existing in their brain or already noted down, and on these creations they passed judgment either for or against. That this confidential intercourse should necessarily excite and intellectually advance Marschner was but natural. The assertion, however, that he was a pupil of Weber, in the strict and usual acceptance of the word—though it has been widely circulated, and copied by one writer from another—is completely at variance with truth. That his next grand opera, *Der Vampyr*, should, in its romantic tendency, in its harmonic colouring, and in its spirituality of tone generally, be assimilated to the character of Weber's music, was the more natural, since not only the universal influence of the romantic element, which predominated at that epoch, but also his personal intimacy with Weber, who was its Corypheus in music, could not possibly fail to produce an impres-

sion on a young man of five-and-twenty. We will return to this point presently.

But Weber, too, appreciated Marschner's society. The best proof of this was the nomination of Marschner to the post of Royal Music-Director of the Italian and German Opera, at Dresden, in 1823. Marschner had already been entrusted, on Weber's recommendation, with very many honourable commissions, such as that, for instance, of writing for Kleist's drama, *Der Prinz von Homburg*, an overture and music to be played between the acts, and which are still given when the piece is performed at Dresden. The overture was subsequently published, as Op. 57, by Breitkopf and Härtel.

(To be continued.)

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For the black bat night has flown,—

Come into the garden, Maud,

I'm here at the gate alone:

And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,

And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,

And the planet of love is on high,

Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,

On a bed of daffodil sky;

To faint in the light of the sun she loves,—

To faint in his light and to die.

Queen of the rosebud, garden of girls,

Come hither; the dances are done;

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,

Queen, lily, and rose, in one;

Shine out little head, sunning over with curls,

To the flowers, and be their Sun.

She is coming, my own, my sweet,

Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her and beat,

Were it earth in an earthy bed.

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It was a rustic cottage gate,

And over it a maiden leant;

Upon her face and youthful grace,

A lover's earnest eyes were bent.

"Good night!" she said, "once more good night,

The evening star is rising high;

But early with the morning light,

Be sure you call as you pass by."

The spring had into summer leapt,

Brown autumn's hand her treasures threw,

When forth a merry party swept,

In bridal garments, two by two!

I saw it was the maid that bless'd

The evening star that rose so high;

For *he*, as I suppose you've guess'd,

Had often called as he passed by.

Oh! blissful lot, where all's forgot

Save love, that wreathes the heart with flowers.

Oh! what's a throne to that dear cot,

Whose only wealth is happy hours!

I know, to leave their home they're loth,

Although the evening star be high—

But if you wish to see them both,

Perchance you'll call as you pass by.

PRICE 2s. 6d.

**MISS DOLBY.**

**"THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED  
LOW AND MILD."**

SONG.

By LONGFELLOW AND BALFE

SUNG BY

**MISS DOLBY,**

AND ENCORED ON EVERY OCCASION.

The green trees whispered low and mild,

It was a sound of joy;

They were my playmates when a child,

And rocked me in their arms so wild,

Still they looked at me and smiled,

As if I were a boy.

And ever whispered mild and low,

Come be a child once more;

And waved their long arms to and fro,

And beckon'd solemnly and slow,

Oh! I could not choose but go,

Into the woodlands hoar.

PRICE 2s.

**MISS LOUISA VINNING.**

**"THE SIREN OF THE BALL."**

RONDO.

By ALFRED MELLON.

SUNG WITH THE ORCHESTRAL UNION BY

**MISS LOUISA VINNING.**

A frank coquette am I;—

The charge I'll not deny—

In conquest my pleasure,

Hearts captured my treasure.

So seek not to enthrall

The Siren of the Ball,

For her heart must be free

As the bird on the tree.

Fetter me—ah! no, no, no!

When music sounds, the joyous band

To pleasure's charm exciting,

And smilingly you seek my hand,

For this next dance inviting:

Then seek not to enthrall

The Siren of the Ball,

For her heart must be free

As the bird on the tree.

Fetter me—ah! no, no, no!

I see that glance, I hear that sigh,

The vows unsaid, I know them well,

And words confused my lips may fly,

That whisper hope my heart to quell;

But heed not what I say,

With all vain hope away,

For her heart must be free

As the bird of the tree.

Fetter me—ah! no, no, no.

Nay, frown no more, that visage clear,

That look of grief and care dispel;

My heart can beat, alas! I fear,

For one who loves so well.

Ah! must I then comply,

My maxims all belie,

That my heart must be free,

As the bird on the tree.

Will it be?—ah! no, no, no.

My heart is not free

As bird on tree.

PRICE 3s.

**BOOSEY and SONS, Holles Street, London.**

Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of 131, Oxford-street, in the parish of Saint Mary-le-bone, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street. Sold also by REED, 15, John street, Great Portland-street; ALLEN, Warwick-lane; VICKERS, Holywell-street; KUTH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; G. SCHURMANN, 86, Newgate-street, JOHN SHEPHERD, Newgate-street; HARRY MAY, 11, Holborn-bars. Agents for Scotland, PATTERSON & SONS, Edinburgh; for Ireland, H. BUSSELL, Dublin, and all Music-sellers.

Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's-lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, February 14, 1857.